

A Lamentable BALLAD of the Tragical End  
OF A  
Gallant LORD and Vertuous LADY,

Together with

The Unhappy Death of their two CHILDREN; wickedly performed by a  
Heathenish and Blood-thirsty Blackamore, the like of which Cruelty and  
Murder was never before heard of. To the Tune of, *The Lady's Fall*, &c.

Entered according to Order.



IN some a Nobleman did wed  
a Virgin of great Fame,  
A fairer Creature never did  
Danie Nature ever frame;  
By whom he had two Children fair,  
whose beauty did excel;  
They were their Parents only Joy,  
they loved them both so well.  
The Lord he lov'd to hunt the Buck,  
the Tiger and the Boar;  
And still for Swiftness always took  
with him a Blackamore;  
Which Blackamore within the Wood  
his Lord he did offend;  
For which he did him then correct,  
in hope he would amend,  
The Day it grew unto an end,  
then homewards he did haste,

Where with his Lady he did rest,  
until the Night was past;  
Then in the Morning he did rise,  
and did his Servants call,  
A Hunting he provides to go,  
straight they were ready all.  
To cause the Toy the Lady did  
intreat him not to go:  
*Alas, good Lady, then quoth he,  
why art thou griev'd so?  
Content thyself, I will return  
with speed to thee again.*  
Good Father, quoth the little Babes,  
with us here still remain.  
*Farewell, dear Children, I will go  
a fine thing for to buy.*  
But they therewith nothing content,  
aloud began to cry:

The Mother took them by the hand,  
saying, *Come ye with me  
Unto the highest Tower, where  
your Father you shall see.*  
The Blackamore perceiving now,  
who they did stay behind,  
His Lord to be a hunting gone,  
began to call to mind,  
*My Master he did me correct,  
my fault not being great;  
Now of his Wife I'll be reveng'd,  
she shall not me intreat.*

The place was moed round about,  
the Bridge he up did draw;  
The Gates he bolted very fast,  
of none he stood in awe:  
He up into the Tower went,  
the Lady being there,  
Who when she saw his Countenance  
she straight began to fear.  
But now my trembling Heart it quakes  
to think what I must write,  
My Sences all begin to fail,  
my Soul's both affright:  
Yet must I make an end of this,  
which here I have begun,  
Which will arise sad the hardest Heart,  
before that I have done:

This Wretch unto the Lady went,  
and her with speed did tell,  
His Lust forthwith to satisfy,  
his Mind for to fulfill:  
The Lady she amazed was,  
to hear the Villain speak,  
*Alas, quoth she, what shall I do?  
with Grief my heart will break.*  
With that he took her in his Arms,  
she straight for Help did cry:  
*Content yourself, Lady, he said,  
your Husband is not nigh:  
The Bridge is drawn, the Gates are shut,  
therefore come ye with me,  
Or else I do prayest and vow,  
thy butcher I will be.*  
The crystal Tears ran down her Face,  
her Children cry'd a main,  
And fought to help their Mother dear,  
but all it was in vain;  
For that egregious filthy Rogue,  
her Hands behind her bound,  
And then perforce with all his might,  
he threw her on the ground;

With that the fiend, her Children cry'd,  
and such a Noise did make,  
That she owns falls hearing her Laments,  
yet seek their parts to take:  
For all in vain, a way was found  
to help the Lady's need,  
Who cried to them most piteously,  
*O help, O help with speed.*  
Some ran into the Forest wide,  
her Lord to hunt for to call;  
And they that stood still did lament  
this gallant Lady's Fall.  
With speed her Lord came passing hie,  
he could not enter in,  
His Lady's Cries did pierce his Heart,  
to call he did begin:  
*O hold thy hand, thou savage Beast,  
to hurt her do forbear,  
Or else be sure if I do live,  
wild Horses shall thee rear.*  
With that the Rogue ran to the Wall,  
he having had his Will,  
And brought one Child under his Arm,  
his dearest Blood to spill.  
The Child seeing his Father there,  
to him for help did call:  
*O Father, help my Mother dear,  
we shall be killed all.*  
Then fell the Lord upon his Knee,  
and did the Moor intreat,  
To save the Life of his poor Child,  
whose Fear was then so great.  
But this vile Wretch the little Child  
by both thee heels did take,  
And dasht his brains against the wall,  
whilst Parents Hearts did ache:  
That being done, straight way he ran  
the other Child to fetch,  
And pluckt it from the Mother's breast,  
most like a cruel Wretch.  
Within one hand a knife he brought,  
the Child within the other;  
And holding it over the wall,  
saying, *Thou eye shall thy Mother;*  
With that he cut the throat of it,  
then to the Father he did call,  
To look how he the head did cut,  
and down the head did fall.  
This done, he threw it down the wall  
into the Moat so deep;  
Which made the Father wring his hands,  
and grievous to weep:

Then to the Lady went the Rogue,  
who was near dead with fear,  
Yet this vile Wretch most cruelly  
did drag her by the hair:  
And crew her to the very wall,  
which when her Lord did see;  
Then presently he cryed out,  
and fell upon his knee,  
*Quoth he, If thou wilt save her Life,  
whom I do love so dear;  
I will forgive thee all it cost,  
though they concern me near.*  
*O save her Life, I thee beseech;*  
*And I will grant thee what thou wilt  
denied of me this day.*  
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard  
the Moat that thou dost make:  
*If thou wilt grant me what I ask,  
I'll save her for thy sake.*  
*O save her Life, and then demand  
of me what thing thou wilt;*  
*Cut thy Nose, and not one drop  
of her Blood shall be spill.*  
With that the Lord presently took  
a knife within his Hand,  
And then his Nose he quire cut off,  
in place where he did stand.  
*Now I have bought my Lady's Life,  
then to the Moor did call:*  
*Then take her, god, this wicked Rogue,  
and down he let her fall.*  
Which when her gallant Lord did see  
his Sences all did fall;  
Yet many sought to save his Life,  
yet nothing could prevail.  
When as the Moor did see him dead,  
then sidhe laugh a main,  
At them who for their gallant Lord  
and Lady did complain:  
*Quoth he, I know you'll torture me,  
if that you can me get,*  
*But all your threats I do not fear,  
nor yet regard one whit.*  
*Wild Horses shall my Body rear,  
I know it to be true,*  
*But I'll prevent you of that pain,  
and down himself he threw:*  
Too good a Death for such a Wretch,  
a Villain void of fear;  
And thus doth end as sad a Tale,  
as ever Man did hear.